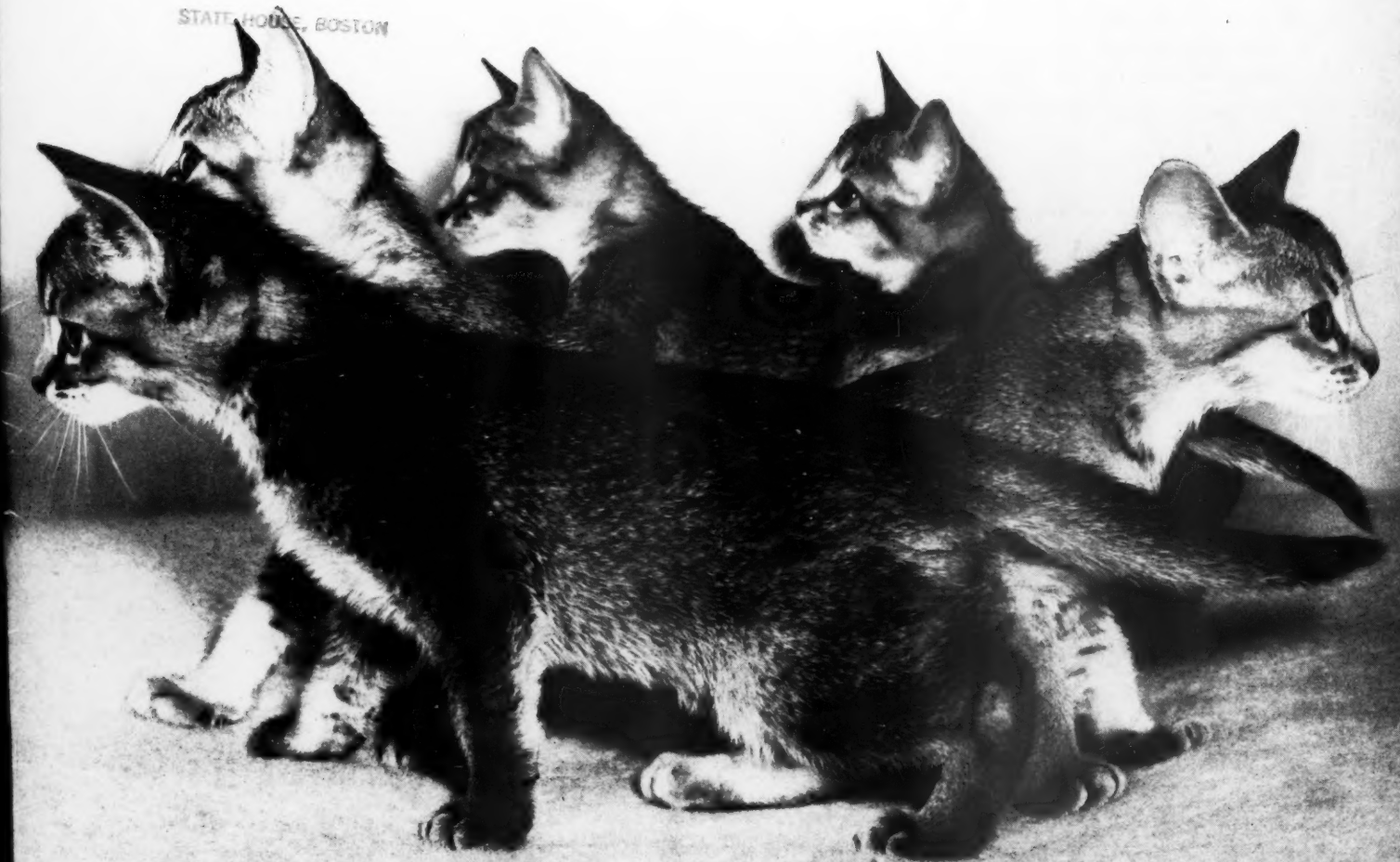


# OUR DUMB Animals

STATE LIBRARY OF MASSACHUSETTS

FEB 9 1960

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON



"WHERE'D EVERYBODY GO?" (See Page 9)

Photo by Ruth Oliver



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Per year—\$2.00. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, \$1.50 each, plus \$.25 postage for Canadian, and \$.50 postage for all other foreign subscriptions. Single copies, \$.20. Make checks payable to Our Dumb Animals.

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Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Second-Class postage paid at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 13, 1919.

VOLUME 93 — No. 2

# Animals

FEBRUARY 1960

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, President, 1868-1909

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President, 1910-1945

PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS  
AND  
AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

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## They Need Us

**W**E are thinking of the countless millions of animals—those of the field, the birds of the air—the great multitude of creatures who have dwelt with us through the ages. Were they made just to serve us? Have we a right to use them at our pleasure, no matter what that may mean in pain or suffering?

They need us because, from the days when our far-off ancestors stole from their caves with club in hand to kill beast and bird for food, to this very hour, animals have met death, with few exceptions, needlessly cruel and inhumane.

Millions eat meat daily, with too little thought for the animals, themselves—with no vision of their fright as they are driven to the slaughtering pens.

They need our voice to plead for a painless death.

They need us because of what death means to them when caught in the cruel grip of the steel trap.

They need us, too,—those countless beasts of burden which still in many lands are overloaded—driven when harness rubs raw sores, and legs are lame and weary.

The lost, strayed or sick dogs and cats need us. Who shall gather them up and give the saddest of them a painless death, or find for some a welcome home? Who is going to do it? Our Humane Societies, like the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Because the need is great, to render these services to animals, the Society greatly needs friends to make it possible.

E. H. H.

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# Lincoln, the Man Who Could Make a

**H**AVE you ever seen a cat laugh?  
Neither have I.

Even if you tickle it, it can't laugh.

A cat will purr, bristle, scratch, mew, and meow. A cat will yawn in your face. But no one has ever heard it laugh out loud, or even quietly to itself. A cat hasn't laughed in a hundred years. All, so the story goes, because of Abraham Lincoln, who was the 16th President of our country.

Out in Illinois, where Lincoln came from, they said he was so funny he could even make a cat laugh. That was when he was young, and long before he became President.

Of course, even before you can get a cat to laugh, you have to get a cat to listen.

Lincoln could do that, too.

He'd pick a kitten up off the floor and settle it cozily in his lap, and start rubbing its neck, until it purred and purred.

Soon it purred so loudly, others around could hardly hear Lincoln tell his long and funny stories. Like the one about the polecat and the locofoco.

Now a polecat is no cat at all. It was a word for skunk. And skunks smell.

A locofoco is no word at all. It was a made-up word for politician. Lincoln thought locofocos smelt worse than skunks.

Lincoln was running for some public office most of the time. He ran for the state government, for the Congress, for the Senate, and finally for the Presidency of the United States. In the beginning, a locofoco was the man who was running against him.

The story about the skunk and the locofoco always came in two parts. First about the polecat. Lincoln would begin and everybody would sit around and listen.

"One night," he would say, "a farmer heard a rumpus in his henhouse. He ran out to see what was wrong. There was a polecat eating his chickens. The polecat let off a terrible smell. The farmer grabbed the polecat by his bushy tail, nonetheless. 'I'm going to kill you, you smelly old skunk, for killing my chickens.'

said the farmer.

"'Oh,' pleaded the polecat, 'I'm not a skunk. I'm just a little old polecat, and I was just visiting your chickens.'

"The farmer held his nose, and turned the skunk round and round by his bushy tail to make sure. 'You look like a skunk,' the farmer said. 'You smell like a skunk. You act like a skunk, and I'm going to kill you.' And he did."

That was the first part of the story, and everybody was waiting to see what was going to happen, as Mr. Lincoln paused, and the only sound you could hear was the cat purring proudly in Lincoln's lap, for Mr. Lincoln hadn't once stopped petting that cat.

Now Lincoln came to the locofoco. "He comes in here to run for office. He calls himself a politician. I say he looks like a locofoco. He smells like a locofoco. He acts like a locofoco. And I won't vote for him!"

Everybody laughed out loud. They stood up and held their sides. They roared. Just then the cat laughed right out loud, too!

Everybody heard it, it was so clear.

That was the first time, and then everybody in Illinois got to know about Abe Lincoln. He was so funny he could even make a cat laugh. Just telling that tickled the teller so, he would laugh, too. Sometimes the laughter was even funnier than the story.

How did the cat look when it laughed?

Why, its fur shook. Its tail wiggled. It showed its little red tongue. When the cat was finished laughing, it went right back to purring, because Abe Lincoln went right on rubbing its neck, as he told still another story.

Mr. Lincoln did a lot of traveling all over the state of Illinois. When he traveled he visited in a lot of homes. He met all kinds of people, and of course, all kinds of cats.

Once on his way to the Illinois legislature, where he was newly elected, Abe Lincoln stopped at the home of Caleb Carman. There were new kittens in the Carman house, new-born, and nameless.

The Carmans gave Lincoln supper, and

afterwards, they settled around the fire and asked Mr. Lincoln for a story. Of course, Lincoln had the kittens, both of them, right in his big lap and he studied them. He compared their heads. "Jane has a better countenance than Susan," he said.

Such a big word for such a small kitten face. Everybody laughed. Even the kittens laughed, though they couldn't see yet. Now they were named and given character, too. They weren't just plain kittens any more.

Next morning when Lincoln went on his way, he would have been glad to take one or both kittens with him, but he was a young man then, and had no home of his own. Later, when Lincoln did have a house of his own, the very first animal he got was a cat . . . a stray he picked up cold and shivering on the road.

When Mrs. Lincoln saw the cat, she got it some milk. Later, she watched while Mr. Lincoln petted it and petted it. The cat purred as though it had always been there. After all, Mrs. Lincoln knew about cats and Mr. Lincoln. She knew cats were his hobby. "Mr. Lincoln's Hobby," she called cats.

After a while Mrs. Lincoln got used to having the whole family bring home strays. Because the Lincolns had four boys, Bobby, Eddy, Willie and Tad. And they all loved animals.

In fact, William Herndon, who was Mr. Lincoln's law partner, said: "If any of the Lincoln children wanted a dog, cat, rat or the devil, it was all right and well treated—housed, petted, fed and fondled."

In time the Lincolns not only had cats but a cow, a horse, Old Buck, and a dog, Fido, they shared with neighbors.

Sometimes the boys were not as gentle as Mr. Lincoln liked. One day Bobby and his friends were training cats and dogs for a show, and harnessed them to perform. The dogs barked, the cats vowed, spit and scratched. The noise brought Mr. Lincoln to the barn door. What he saw made him pick up a barrel stave which was lying on the ground. The boys got the idea right away. The



# a Cat Laugh

By Helen Kay, courtesy of the  
American Junior Red Cross NEWS

cats and dogs were quickly set free. No, Mr. Lincoln would not use the stave on his children. But neither would he have an animal treated unkindly.

When Lincoln was elected President of the United States, his two youngest boys, Willie and Tad, came to live in the White House. They had many pets. They had rabbits, goats, ponies, and of course, a mother cat.

Tad, who was the smallest of the boys and got his name because he looked like a tadpole when he was born, was also the most mischievous. What with all the animals all over the White House and with all the pranks, he got to be known as Mrs. Lincoln's Wildcat.

That only made Mr. Lincoln laugh. After all, Tad was Mr. Lincoln's favorite small animal, next to cats.

When Tad went away from the White House on a vacation with his mother, his father telegraphed: "Tell Tad the goats and father are well, especially the goats."

The day Tad's mother cat had kittens in the White House . . . that was something.

The President was at a meeting with generals, cabinet members, statesmen, and diplomats. The country was at war, and great decisions had to be made to save the United States.

But the family cat had kittens upstairs and Tad had to tell his father.

He burst into the room where all the important men were meeting. "Five kittens," he shouted.

The generals looked at him, and frowned. The cabinet members looked at him and frowned. The statesmen just frowned. The diplomats didn't even look up from their papers. Only the President smiled. Five new kittens had to be seen. A small boy, his own Tad, had to be pleased. The President took off his spectacles and followed Tad upstairs, and along the hall to the bedroom.

All the generals and diplomats and all the statesmen and cabinet members followed too, upstairs to Tad's room, where the mother cat was cleaning her newborn babies.

No, the mother cat didn't laugh, but she did look up and smile at Mr. Lincoln. And that may have been the very last time any cat ever smiled. Let alone laughed.

Because after that the war spread into every part of the country, and so many young men were killed, and mothers were so sad that Mr. Lincoln just stopped telling funny stories.

One day, visiting a battlefield, the President went to the telegraph hut. Here Mr. Lincoln could get news of what was happening. On the floor of the hut were three kittens, wandering about, mewing, lost.

The President picked one up and asked: "Where is your mother?"

A soldier in the telegraph hut said: "The mother is dead."

Lincoln petted the little one, while the telegraph needle went clickety click click, giving news of the war. "Then she can't grieve as many a poor mother now is grieving for her son," he said.

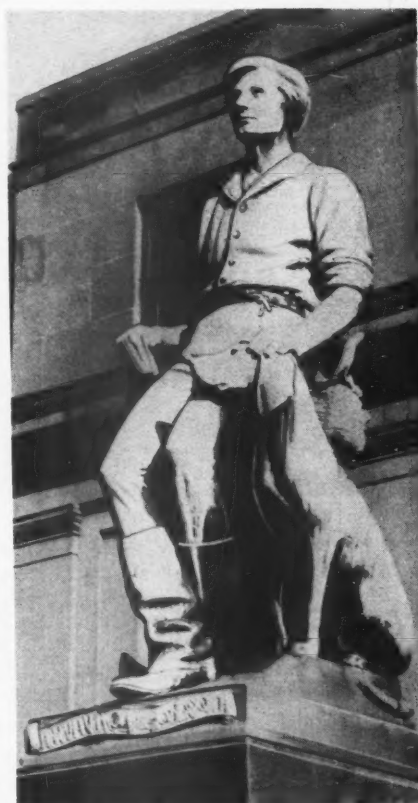
Soon the other two small kittens were also in his lap. He stroked their fur. They stopped mewing and began to purr. They purred and purred and purred. All the while the telegraph needle went clickety click click . . . as it told the generals, who told Mr. Lincoln, the President and commander-in-chief of all the armies, how bravely his soldiers were fighting for their country.

"Kittens," he said. "Thank God, you are cats, and can't understand this terrible strife that is going on."

How sad he felt, this man of peace, this kindly man who hated killing, and who must lead a war.

He wiped the kittens' eyes with his clean handkerchief. He stroked their smooth coats, and he listened to their purring. He listened, too, to the telegraph needle going clickety click click. Was the battle going well for the country? Would this senseless killing end? He stroked the fur of the three small kittens and waited to hear.

When Lincoln had to leave the telegraph hut, he asked the general to take care of the kittens and feed them. He



Lincoln and his dog—Ft. Wayne, Ind.

couldn't take them with him, as he was going on to another part of the battlefield.

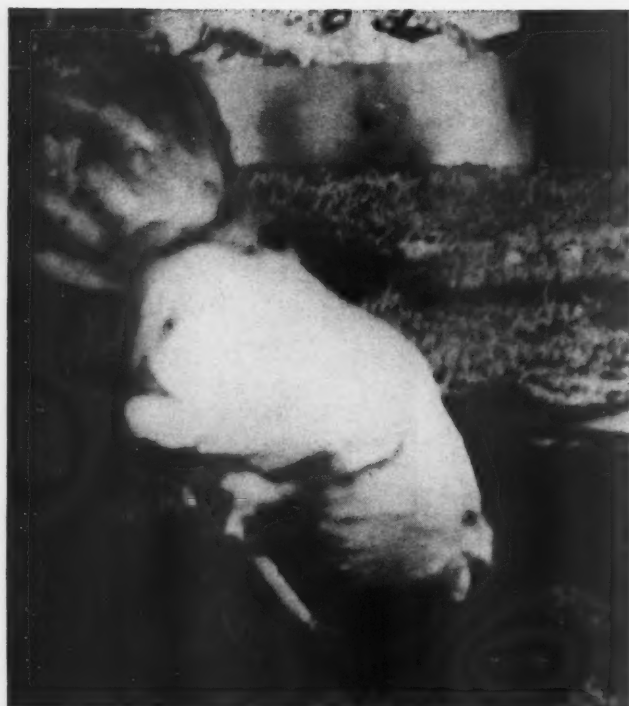
Finally the war was won, and all the states remained united states—the United States.

But Mr. Lincoln was gone.

He was killed along with many a mother's son, and the mother cat. After that cats just stopped laughing. Mr. Lincoln wasn't around any more to tell them funny stories.

Oh, they'll purr all right, and yowl and mew and meow.

They'll bristle and scratch and raise their fur and their backs. They'll yawn right in your face. But they've never ever even smiled again. Not in a hundred years. Not since Abraham Lincoln was the 16th President of the whole United States.



"Cock O' The Walk"

## Scottie Scoops

THIS is "Whitey" the big white rooster at the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. Small Animal Shelter at Methuen. He's a handsome fellow with plenty of personality. When you look at him he pretends to be too busy to notice you, but ignore him and he flaps his wings and crows to attract attention. "Whitey" was an Easter chick which might have been the reason why the hens resented him when he was first put in the hen-house with them last winter. Whatever the reason was, they drove him out into the cold and the poor thing might have frozen to death but for Mr. Richard who rescued him and kept him in the warm barn. Until recently "Whitey" had the run of the farm and apparently enjoyed associating with humans, tagging them around, yet keeping his distance. Now, an older and wiser bird, he is in the pen with others of his kind but seems to hold himself aloof and apart from them. Here he is before he was penned up and again, behind the wire. He was pretending disinterest, but actually was hoping, I think, to have his picture taken, and we obliged . . . Next time we're at Methuen we hope to pay our respects to some of our dear departed ancestors who are now "resting" at "Hillside Acre." Since its establishment some forty-four years ago "Hillside Acre" has grown in beauty and stature. The cemetery, as you probably know, is primarily designed *not* for the burial of the small animals whose owners could afford expensive marble or granite headstones, but rather for the great multitude who, unable to do anything requiring large expense, desired to find some place where, within their means, they might bury their greatly-beloved small animal pets.

—By Tammy of Pembroke.

## Pen-Pals Unlimited

To the wonderful response we are getting from our devoted readers in connection with ANIMALS INTERNATIONAL JUNIOR CORRESPONDENCE CLUB we of the staff of OUR DUMB ANIMALS say thank you. The following letter is a sample of what you would get in the mail from a pen-pal overseas if you become a member of our writing club . . .

6 Nuka Toyochō  
Isuruga Fukui  
Japan  
November 9, 1959

Dear Mr. Governor:

It is wonderful for me and for my younger sisters to have a fine book, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, every month.

We have a dog and surely love animals. My grandfather is very devoted to birds and can imitate their calls.

Now, I'll tell you about the two stamps I have enclosed.

One is a 10 yen stamp. It shows a bird called "U" (cormorant). The fishermen use these birds to fish. The "U" bird gathers up many little fishes in his beak and throat but never swallows them. The little fish are similar to fresh water trout and are called "A Yu." The fishermen then bring the "U" birds back onto their ships and take out all the little fishes they have collected in their beaks. In the background you can see the boat people the cool breeze of the river during the hot summer. Most fishing is carried on at night and a fire is used to attract the fish.

Another stamp is the two yen stamp which shows a dog called "Faithful Hachiko." He went to the train station every day to wait for his master even after his master died. There now stands a statue in bronze a lasting symbol of his faithfulness.

Yours sincerely yours,

Nobuki Kazuma

U.S. Dept. of Interior



"U" Bird



"Faithful Hachiko"

Write for Pen-Pal application:

ANIMALS Pen-Pals, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. — Attention Mr. A. C. Governor, Asst.Ed.



# Ground-Hog Daze

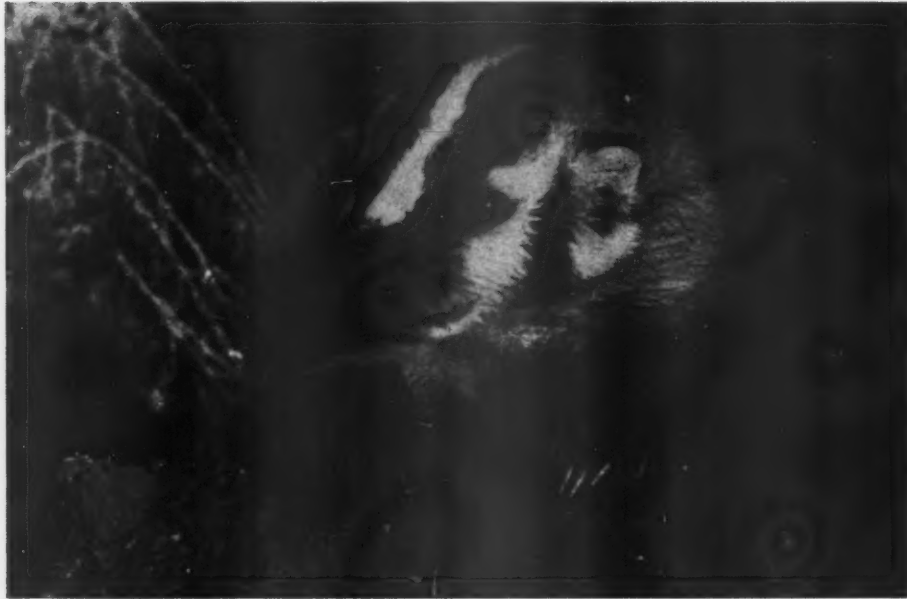
**By George S. Lookabaugh**

*On February the second  
I'd often heard it said,  
The ground hog ventures forth  
From his winter's bed.*

*And if he sees his shadow,  
Or so the story is told,  
He scampers back to bed,  
And the weather will stay cold.*

*I think this is a fable,  
Else someone over-stepped,  
'Cause I waited, and waited, and waited,  
Could he have over-slept?*





Once a familiar sight on western country roads now practically extinct is the . . .

# Vanishing Badger

By Raymond Thompson

ONCE very plentiful throughout the northwestern part of the United States, the North American Badger is now a scarce animal in many sections of this country. It remains fairly common in the prairie portions of some Canadian provinces, notably Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The badger is a short, squat, heavy-set fellow built on somewhat the same proportions as a raccoon. I have seen adult badgers in North Idaho that weighed around 20 pounds, and others in Montana and Saskatchewan that must have been twice as large.

The general color of the badger is gray, but there is enough white—in the streak that extends from the tip of its nose to its shoulders and from the cheeks back an equal distance—to make the badger plainly visible at some distance. There is often a tawny-yellow mixed with the gray and black in the long hairs of its coat. The texture of the badger's coat varies greatly with the climate, tending to a very superior quality in Montana and the Canadian Provinces.

At one time, the fur of the badger was

in great demand in making paint brushes, a "Badger Blender" being considered a prime essential in the painter's art.

I was born and raised in badger country. Our big grain and cattle ranch had hundreds of badgers on it. Some of our range land was pretty rough on us kids when we rode after stock. Rocks, sagebrush, ryegrass and bunch grass made marvelous habitat for badgers, rattlesnakes and jackrabbits. The trails were crooked and you could never tell when a badger had dug a new hole 12 to 15 inches in diameter, right in the path. I've taken a good many tumbles through my pony plunging into a badger hole.

The badger was considered a real asset to wheat ranchers, as it practically lived on ground squirrels and mice. This type of squirrel is a sort of gopher, and it was so plentiful then as to be a real destroyer of grain crops.

An outstanding faculty of the badger is his digging ability. He has long, heavy, black, business-like claws and can actually sink a hole in ordinary earth large enough to bury himself in a matter of minutes.

The presence of so many badger holes in certain areas is caused by his digging out ground squirrels.

I recall that while plowing a quarter section of land one summer, I counted over two hundred badger holes. One badger, probably a big fat bachelor, would loll on his back on the earth mound that was the "front door" to his home, or cavort like a pup anxious for attention each time the plow team and I made a round. As we gradually came nearer, he moved more to the center of the big grain field, finally reluctantly quitting the area as the plow furrows reached his last burrow..

A most interesting animal, the badger. Modern farming methods, with greatly increased acreages under the plow, have greatly decimated the badger population. Old timers think back with nostalgia when it was a common sight, driving a team of horses along a dirt road, to see this truly representative plains animal basking in the sun like a friendly little neighbor saying "howdy" to a friend.



# When Winter Comes

By Murray T. Pringle

**W**ITHIN recent years, winter snowstorms have wreaked havoc throughout our western and Middle Western states; death and property damage was considerable as a result. Just living was a difficult task for humans. Imagine, then, what it must have been like for the wild creatures!

Yet, strangely enough, casualties among these so-called "dumb" animals are never anywhere near as high as one might logically expect them to be. The explanation is simple. Down through the years, each specie has learned how it can best survive the ravages of winter.

Coyotes, for example; normally, these beasts prefer to live out their lives on the treeless plains. Yet, just before the approach of a storm, they forsake these stamping grounds for the protection afforded by brush and timber along the rivers or else push on into bushy canyons or coulees. Here, they either curl up and sleep out the storm or hunt cottontail and snowshoe rabbits in the thickets.

Jackrabbits, too, sometimes make for

these coulees; but as a rule; they prefer scattered bluffs wherein they crouch until the storm has spent itself. A patch of willows no larger than the average backyard may act as a temporary refuge for several dozen of the big-eared fellows.

The antelope is another prairie citizen who does an abrupt "about-face" when Old Man Winter makes his presence known. If there is one thing an antelope avoids like the plague it is woods. Why? Too much chance of being ambushed by carnivorous animals. A herd of these creatures has been known to make a detour of several miles simply to avoid passing through a thicker less than fifty yards wide!

Yet, come winter, they, too, head for the woods during a blizzard, figuring it to be the lesser of two evils. They have a fifty-fifty chance of escaping an ambush; against a prairie blizzard, they have no chance at all.

Even his Aerial Majesty, the eagle, considers discretion the better part of valor

at such times and forsakes the sky for the safety of a cliff until the fury of the blizzard has blown itself out.

And the porcupine, who is generally considered to be a rather stupid fellow in most things, knows enough to hie himself off to a cozy den beneath a heap of brush or crawl into his hole which is usually an abandoned badger or coyote den.

The above are just a very few brief examples of how some animals manage to survive the most rigorous winters; there are many more. No, it will not be cruel winters, or any other of Nature's doings, that will wipe out our wildlife.

If that unhappy day ever comes to pass, the dubious "distinction" will rest squarely upon the shoulders of the one who deserves it—Man. For man is the one animal in Mother Nature's vast family who slays wantonly, not out of necessity as is the case with wolves and the like; but out of a sheer love of destruction which some mark down in their books as "sport." . . . . .





Photo by Mrs. Mary Bourque

**Good pals, these two. They were not always so, however. When "Mike" the terrier first came into the household, "Skippy" was jealous, but they got to be good friends and the best of companions.**

**Little Lisa Arentini, of Great Barrington, gets a vociferous welcome from her pet when she starts her first sleigh ride of the season.**

Photo by Paul M. Argenti

# "First to welcome, foremost to d



**Many an owner of a dachshund, so fat that his stomach hits the ground, would be happy if his pet would get the "hoola hoop" habit.**

Photo by V. F. Kosmo



Photo by Louise Van der Meid

*Like most puppies, this basset hound likes nothing better than something to chew. If it isn't a bone or some other hard rubber toy, what's the matter with a good finger.*

*This dachshund, belonging to Lewis C. Conant, of Fort Myers, Florida, loves to play with the neighbor's golden retriever. Notice how the little dog is holding down both the retriever's paws while exploring in his mouth—for gold, no doubt.*

Photo by Mrs. Lewis C. Conant



o defend."

*"No one can hurt me now. I'm safe." This exceptionally appealing picture of a mother and baby whippet won for Gloria Dean, of Brooklyn, N.Y., the second prize of \$250 in the Gaines Dog Research Center's 1959 Dog Photo Contest.*





# Challenge to Fido

By Helen Johnson

**F**IDO was just a dog belonging to the late Judge Reese, of Mitchell, South Dakota. He wasn't a purebred at all. Rather he seemed to be a "cross" between a "good" breed and a "bad" one, and everyone agreed that the "bad" predominated. Everyone said, too, that the poor dog looked as though he wanted to be friendly, but didn't have the least idea how to go about it. He usually had an apologetic expression on his homely "face," which always ended in a half-growl, half-snarl. It was his eyes that betrayed him more than his expression, I thought—as they never registered happiness and contentment. Children would walk blocks out of their way to avoid meeting him, and many adults, too, would rather risk being five minutes tardy at some evening function than to pass by Fido's home.

But he had never bitten anybody, and because of this, no one cared to put in a complaint. Then, too, the community as a whole, loved and respected the Judge and naturally made every effort to keep his good will. Fido seemed to sense that people didn't like him, and his satirical look actually interpreted plainly said:

"Well, you don't like *me*! Why should I care for you!"

But all things come to an end sometime—both good and bad. So Fido's freedom was at last challenged by the town's leading physician, Dr. Foster. His two young daughters, Jo and Betty, were so frightened one evening by the dog's vicious actions, that Betty fainted after reaching home. Consequently, Fido

found himself tied to a tree the very next day.

A week later, the two teenagers were returning home from a party. About half-way home, a sudden wind and electric storm came up. The skies were inky and the frightened girls, knowing Fido was tied, took a short cut which led them right through the Reese back yard. An unusually lurid streak of lightning revealed the big dog coming toward them! How he had broken the heavy rope is a mystery to this day! Both girls stood petrified to the spot. But Fido had no evil intentions. Instead, he looked at the frightened girls rather apologetically, then turned and walked a step or two ahead of them. The night was so black that only when the lightning illuminated the sky, could the girls see Fido's brown and white body feeling his way on the walk. Ever so often the dog would stop and turn to see if they were following him. Being assured that they were, he calmly trotted on a few steps ahead until the Foster home was reached. Then he turned in, waited for Jo and Betty to catch up with him, and when they had done so, he ran up the porch steps and stood waiting for them. Not until they had unlocked the door and were safely inside, did he start his journey back.

But no one ever saw or heard of Fido after that night. It was as though the ground had opened up and swallowed him. But those who knew him best and really loved him, insisted that Fido was just trying to "square" himself with the world for the things he *should* have done, but hadn't.



## Readers on Review

**O**UR great German Shepherd Tobey always seemed to enjoy the National Anthem played at an early morning hour over the radio. But one morning he evidently hadn't finished his night's sleep so he went back upstairs to his bed. Shortly there came the first strains of "Oh, say can you see" when Tobey came thundering down the stairs into the living room wearing a reproachful "why didn't you call me" expression and as usual stood at attention with us through the last note. —Sent in from BRUSHWOOD FARM.



Patriotic Tobey

## Our Cover

**T**HESE six-week-old Abyssinian kittens seem to be looking for someone. The picture was made by covering the kittens with a basket for a few seconds, then shooting just after the basket was removed. Snapped by Ruth Oliver, Malden, Massachusetts, this picture was awarded a \$1,000 Grand Prize in the pets and animals classification of the 21st Annual Newspaper National Snapshot Awards contest.

## HELP YOURSELF

The Post Office Department has asked us to cooperate in helping to achieve the most efficient method of delivering your magazines. We have pledged our support. To this end we must include the zone number for each subscriber's address in cities that have zones. **PLEASE, whenever writing to us, include your city postal zone number in your address—and when you move, please send your old address as well as your new one, with zones, if any. This will help us to help you!**

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



## Out of the Past



### OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Vol. 2 Boston, May, 1870 No. 12

#### "Life Is Like Plumcake"

"Life, my brethren, is like plumcake," began Polly, impressively, folding her floury hands. "In some, the plums are all on top, and we eat them gaily, till we suddenly find they are gone. In others, the plums sink to the bottom, and we look for them in vain as we go on, and often come to them when it is too late to enjoy them. But in the well-made cake, the plums are wisely scattered all through, and every mouthful is a pleasure. We make our own cakes, in a measure, therefore, let us look to it, my brethren, that they are mixed according to the best receipt, baked in a well regulated oven, and gratefully eaten, with a temperate appetite."—*An Old Fashioned Girl.*

*"There is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, and claim the fellowship of the creature if not the soul."—Ruskin.*

Vol. 3 Boston, August, 1870 No. 3

"I say friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?"

"No, sir!" "What makes him stop then?"

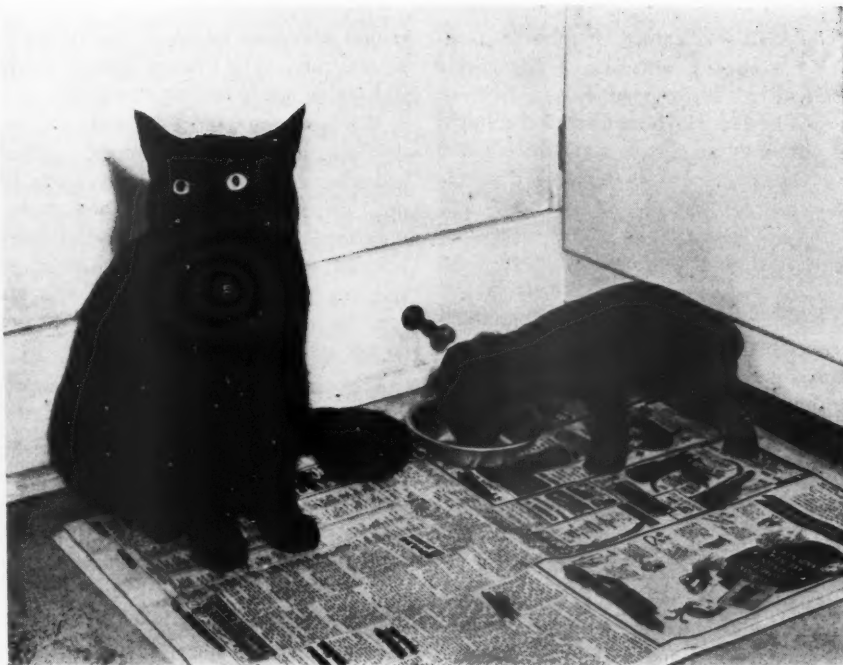
"O, he's afraid somebody'll say WHOA, and he shan't hear it."

Vol. 3 Boston, November, 1870 No. 6

*Children should be inured as early as possible to acts of charity and mercy. Constantine, as soon as his son could write, employed his hand in writing pardons, and delighted in conveying through his mouth all favors be granted.*

## F-a-l-l-a-c-y!

By Charles Cheney Hastings



WHEN the fuzzy ball, that was to develop into Patty, cocker spaniel, was installed in a box in the kitchen, Tom, the large black cat, showed complete indifference. He circled the box inspecting the yelping and shivering little puppy, gave up a disdainful glance and stalked across the room in his best supercilious feline manner.

This tolerance continued for several weeks as the pup grew and romped about the room occasionally attempting to draw the cat into the game but invariably retiring with a yelp and a scratched nose. Completely tired out, the pup would lay panting; then the cat would walk over and look at the prostrate form as if questioning such foolish deportment. After several months, the cat would sometimes condescend to join in the romp, until finally it became a regular game for both. They soon were devoted to each other and after a strenuous session of play would curl up together in front of the fireplace.

Several years elapsed and Tom, already old as cats go, became sick and did not join in the romp. Patty sat for hours beside the cat's basket, until one day she

nuzzled him and he did not respond. When Tom's body had been removed, Patty was inconsolable. She wandered all over the house returning to sniff at the empty basket and look up at us with questioning eyes. She refused to eat and became so weak she could hardly walk around. The veterinarian found nothing wrong with her physically. She was actually dying of a broken heart.

There seemed only one solution and we took it. A neighbor offered a two-month-old black kitten. Patty sniffed it inquiringly and allowed it to climb over her when she lay down. She watched the little kitten at its play, and gradually life came back into her listless eyes. She ambled over to her plate and cleaned up a sizable portion of food. After a short nap and another go at the replenished plate, she walked over to the cat and gently pawed it. The kitten responded and a short play-session ensued.

Now all is well again in our household. Kitty is full grown and, while not as large as Tom, seems to fill the requirement for feline companionship as far as Patty is concerned.

# Humane Work in U.S.S.R.

By Donald S. Watson, Special Correspondent

WHEN I learned that I was to accompany Secretary of Agriculture Benson on his trip to Russia recently, President Eric H. Hansen asked if it might be possible to obtain some information on the humane movement within the Soviet Union.

As far as could be determined from conversation with various officials in Russia, there are no wholly voluntary, non-government supported humane agencies there. In fact, everything in Russia is dependent upon and subservient to the government. In our travels within the country, we saw no veterinary hospitals of the type maintained in the United States.

The government is not totally oblivious to the welfare of small animals, however. There are laws preventing the abuse of pets and in each town and city, local committees are assigned the job of investigating animal abuse and dealing out punishment for those who are cruel to animals. To these committees falls the duty of deciding which animals should be disposed of for one reason or another.

While there are seemingly no voluntary humane societies, there are unorganized groups of women throughout the

nation who have interested themselves in animal care. The average Russian seems to have an active interest in animals.

We saw almost no cats in Russia, but did see a great many dogs. These animals were in good condition—not fat but, on the other hand, not undernourished either. The animals are licensed or registered with the village and city authorities. These animals are kept for the purpose of watch dogs and do not seem to be family pets.

The German police dog or German shepherd seems to be the most common breed in Russia. We did see a number of animals which closely resemble a mongrel type terrier. These are used as sheep dogs in the farming countries.

In dealing with stray animals, the local committees usually turn over to new owners those animals which seem to be healthy and of good breeding. The unhealthy animals and those which are not particularly good looking from a breeding standpoint, they order put out of the way.

That there is experimentation with animals within the Soviet Union is a well known fact. The government seems

to feel that the end justifies the means where scientific knowledge may be gained. We were not, of course, able to obtain copies of any laws under which the laboratories operate.

If anti-cruelty laws exist in Russia, we were not able to obtain copies. As we have stated, committees rule and prosecute those individuals who abuse animals, but we gathered that these cases generally have to do with the larger farm animals which are classed as productive units within the agricultural strata. With the heavy concentration on agricultural production within the Soviet Union it is a major crime against the people to abuse any of the livestock on the state and collective farms.

We were all impressed with the wildlife refuges in Russia. Just outside Moscow, there is a huge sanctuary where hunting, trapping and even trespassing is forbidden. Of course the average citizen in Russia is not permitted to own firearms so there is little problem with hunters.

We were told that there are wildlife refuges scattered throughout the Union. Where they do not have enough water area for migrant wildfowl, these areas have been created artificially.

## International Organization

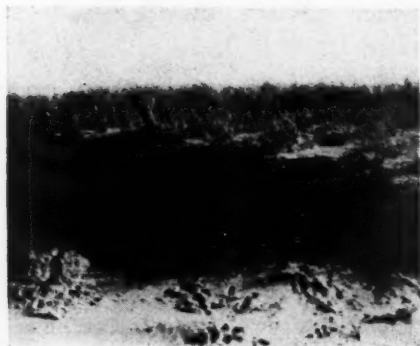
THE new International Society for the Protection of Animals was incorporated in the District of Columbia late in the year.

The temporary officers elected at the incorporation meeting were (left to right in the picture) Rutherford T. Phillips, Secretary; Dr. Eric H. Hansen, President; Carlton E. Buttrick, Treasurer; and Basil P. Howell, M.B.E., Vice-President. In addition to the above, the following were elected directors: from the United States—Thomas T. Becker, Charles W. Friedrichs and from the United Kingdom—Lt. Col. J. E. Lockwood, J.P., T.D.; Mrs. W. Longman; R F Rattray, Esq., M.A., Ph.D.; Mrs. M. A. Tait, M.A.; Sir Arthur Willert, K.B.E.



# Paradise Revisited

By David A. Ryan, Assistant Director of Education



Fox holes in the dune

THE sky was a brilliant blue, as only an October sky can be. The blue was made more striking by the sun, warming the earth after three days' deluge of heavy rain. Heat waves shimmered off the hot sands of the natural amphitheater, carved out by wind action among the dunes. A few billowy cumulus clouds were piled high in the sky. A light breeze stirred the beach grass growing on the crest of the dunes.

"Cap'n Bill" Vinal and I were again visiting Monomoy Wildlife Refuge, located off Chatham, Massachusetts. It is a rare privilege to tour such an area with him. His vast experience and willingness to teach an amateur adds more to the visit than can be expressed. In the spring we saw numerous birds nesting, the terns, vesper sparrow, and red-winged blackbirds. The redwings had kept up an incessant racket when we strayed near their marshy territory. Now, silence greeted us there. The silence was abruptly broken several times by the squawk of ducks as they jumped from the water at our approach. They would wheel off, flying fast in a wide sweeping circle, to set down on a nearby stretch of open water.

Off shore, between the Stonehorse Lightship and the wreck of the tanker Pendleton, in the treacherous shoals, rested thousands of sea ducks, an expanse which stretched for more than a mile. One of the wardens told us that in the days prior to the storm there were a far greater number.

Around noontime I climbed a dune near the Powder Hole region. Near the

beach on that shore, a mile away, a slight movement caught my eye. As I focused the binoculars on the spot, two deer stood out from the background. They stood, tense, looking in my direction, two pairs of ears perked straight up. When the glasses were lowered they became nearly invisible, their protective coloration blending with the landscape to a remarkable degree. On the chance that they would not be there after lunch I took a picture of them through the telephoto lens on the camera. The resulting slide proves the effect of distance, and camouflage—the deer are barely discernable.

After lunch, a hasty scanning of the area revealed that the original two deer had been joined by two others. Realizing that they were too far away to get a good picture, even using a telephoto lens, I determined to try to get closer to them.

The shortest distance between two points is not always a straight line. Had I hiked directly toward the herd, I would have been in plain view almost all the way. The dunes run in ridges lengthwise to the island. Between the deer and me lay a low area consisting of several ponds, marsh, and an impenetrable tangle of moisture-loving woody plants. The only alternative was to hike nearly a mile on my side of the island and cross over it where the land was a little higher and not so wet. I also had to approach them downwind even though they would be between me and the sun when I reached my selected vantage point.

I started off, keeping below the dune ridges, but occasionally climbing one to check their position through the binoculars. It became apparent that they were not overly concerned because by the fifth check, three of them were lying down, enjoying the warm sun.

Later, I saw a small snake that was attempting to climb a dune. The faster it wriggled the less progress it made in the soft sand. Nearby, two large holes had been dug into the side of a dune. Fox tracks led to and from each hole.

Finally, after crawling the last hundred yards, I carefully looked over the top of a clump of bayberry bushes for a close



Can you make out the deer?

view of the deer. All of them were now standing facing me. The pictures I took then emphasize the importance of protective coloration. They do not stand out plainly even at close range. A few moments later they decided I had ventured close enough. They bounded away and disappeared into the tangle of brush. Upon following their trail through the tangle, right at the edge of a pond, I found they had vanished completely. The brush was only shoulder high, but provided them with more than adequate cover.

Monomoy Refuge is small, but furnishes a safe resting place for thousands of waterfowl during their migrations. The Director, Mr. Pelletier, and his men do a commendable job maintaining the Refuge and improving the habitat for its inhabitants and migratory visitors. Monomoy is one of the few places in Massachusetts where one can visit and observe a variety of wild creatures living virtually undisturbed. There is a peace about the island that can be found only in places remote from man's usual haunts.

To some, Monomoy might appear as a rather desolate place, for at first glance there appears to be only an interminable succession of dunes, surrounded by the constantly rolling ocean. But, in truth, it is far more than that; in fact, it is far more than just a refuge. Monomoy is a tribute to America's concern for and interest in those things that cannot be measured by the monetary yardstick—the animals, birds, and a unique bit of natural area, preserved for generations yet unborn to enjoy.





Have you an interesting story about your pet, one that you think other boys and girls would like to read? If so, we should be glad to have you send it in. If you have a good clear picture of yourself and pet send that too. The story should be short, and, of course, your own composition. Give your age and have your mother or teacher certify that the story is original with you.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.



*I went to the department store  
To buy myself a souvenir  
When I returned, Chum was so glad,  
You'd think I'd been away a year.*

—Edna Markham

IT has been said that Abe Lincoln, after witnessing abuse of a turtle, at the age of 15, preached to his playmates against cruelty to animals, contending that an ant's life was as sweet to it as ours is to us.

Do you love animals? Then don't miss:  
**CRITTER CORNER**

**WHERE:** Channel 4, WBZ-TV  
**WHEN:** Every Sunday morning, 9.00 to 9.30 a.m.  
**WHO:** John Macfarlane, host, and  
an assortment of fascinating animal friends.  
**EVEN YOUR PETS WILL LIKE IT!**

## New Type of Monkey

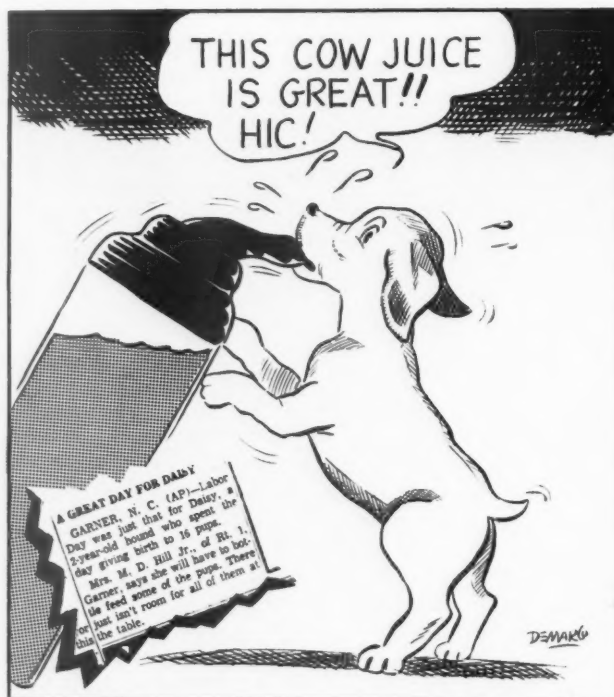
By Kari Over—Phillipines

ABOUT one and a half years ago my youngest sister who was then two was given a small kitten by one of her friends. Since Johanna was too small to take care of the kitten, Carmel by name, I adopted him. I soon found that Carmel had a strange kind of ability. I sat Carmel in the middle of our living room and while playing with him moved back about five feet then run and stop about one inch from him. The kitten would jump up on his hind legs. When he did this his front legs were even with my waist. I was then about four feet eleven inches tall.

Another strange ability was displayed when he sat under the dining room table. Carmel would wait for somebody to walk by and then he would come prancing out on his hind legs and bat at you with his front ones. What monkey shines.

## Animal News Bits

By Mario De Marco



OUR DUMB ANIMALS



# READER'S Pages



## To a Stray

By Susie Dunn—age 12

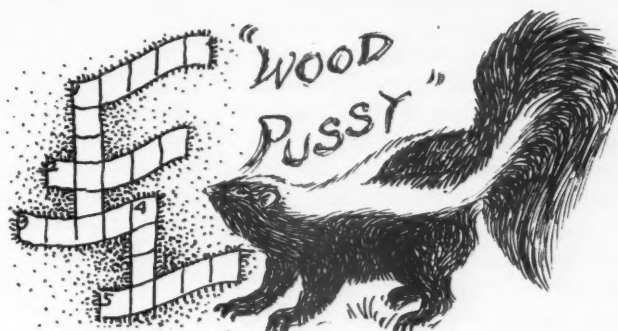
Patient dog standing there,  
Lonesome dog waiting there,  
Oh, little mongrel, why do you stand there?  
You have no master to greet;  
No house to go home to!  
Whom do you wait for, little brown dog?  
There is no little brown dog for you to romp with,  
And no little girl to comb your coat.  
You've got no man to pet and praise you,  
No woman to give you fine food.  
Full of sorrow is your life.  
No one—Nothing!  
No little joy to warm your heart.  
You'll walk the streets in the day  
Searching for food, for something, someone  
And then sad at heart, with an empty stomach,  
You'll settle down,  
Way back in the corner of a cold and dark alley,  
And there you'll go to sleep forever.

## Hit and Run

By Dennis Sherman—age 13 1/2

I found an article in the daily newspaper showing a touching scene that I thought might arouse the young readers of ANIMALS. It showed a spitz dog lying dead alongside a four lane highway, apparently hit by a hit-and-run driver. I think we should all watch out for strays and homeless dogs that may be wandering around streets and roads. If by accident a dog is hit by a car, do not drive away. Try to get the animal to an animal hospital or veterinarian. Last but not least BE KIND TO ALL ANIMALS.

February, 1960



By Agnes C. Wonson

Across

1. Black and white furry animal
2. Shy
3. Odor (Its protection!)
4. Color opposite of white

Down

1. A white ——— down it's back
4. Appendage

## Valentine Greetings from Our Dumb Animals

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue.  
Be kind to your pets  
And they will love you.



Don't Delay

Do It Today!

Write: Mr. Governor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15,  
Massachusetts

Join: ANIMALS Pen-Pal Club Now!

ANSWERS TO "WOOD PUSSY PUZZLE": Across: 1. Skunk; 2. Timid; 3. Scents; 4. Tail. Down: 1. Stripe; 4. Tail.

# Training à la Rinny

By Lee Duncan, Owner & Trainer  
of RIN TIN TIN

**W**HEN you bring a new dog to your household, it's as memorable as adding a newcomer to the family. But young pups have to learn the ways of the canine world: many of their important functions are not innate.

In training any dog, you have to speak from the heart and let him know you are sincere. Your commands should be short, distinct and consistent. And don't ask a dog to do senseless things; you'll want to keep his respect as well as his love.

As for lessons each should be short. Constant, brief ones—daily—are far better than sporadic long ones. It's also wise not to train your pup when he's tired or work him to the point of boredom. You should quit each lesson on a successful note, and top off with praise and some sort of an edible reward. Never stop at failure. If necessary, go back to some command he's already mastered, to insure ending the lesson well.

As for what to teach, we come to the meat of his training. First of all, it's essential that he comes when you call. This should be the easiest thing he'll learn; it's probably what he wants, anyway. Go out to the yard—or some open area—where he can have freedom. He should be wearing a collar; you should have a lead with you. Walk about for a few minutes, letting him play freely. Then, when he's some distance away, call "Here Duke" (or whatever his name is) leaning over and clapping your hands at your knee level to further attract attention. If he responds quickly give him an edible reward, patting him and saying, "Good boy." Repeat this two or three times in the next 15 minutes and call it a day . . . if compliance has been quickly and correctly accomplished. This should do it, but if there is an inadequate response—perhaps he was distracted in his play—call while running from him.

Housebreaking—or better yet "house

training" (never break a dog's spirit in any way)—should also be done easily; dogs are naturally clean. As a prelude, be sure your dog has ample opportunity to relieve himself outdoors before you bring him in. This gives him the idea that he was taken out for that specific purpose.

Later you may find—happily—that when he needs to relieve himself, he'll move toward the door. But if an "accident" happens, get to him quickly and rush him outside, anyhow, saying "Shame, Duke, shame." He may then finish outside. If not, wait a while, then say "Good boy," returning him indoors. He'll get the idea.

Getting back to commands—one of the most important you can teach is to lie down, and stay until he has permission to move. It makes for good control. Begin by calling him, patting him and then—after a momentary pause—say "Down Duke," quietly and firmly. Naturally he won't understand at first; will probably look at you quizzically. Repeat the command—this time pressing your hand on his back. If he yields easily, that should do it; if not increase the pressure. When absolutely necessary, pull his front legs from under him. Once he's down—comfortably—you'll have to keep the pressure on his back until he gets the idea. Gradually repeat this procedure until he gets down by command only lessening pressure as you go along. You'll probably find your dog eagerly responsive; it's a natural trait. But he might be overly enthusiastic; you'll want to curb him from jumping at people. When he jumps up at you, hold out your hand—palm downward—and command "Down Duke." When he drops be sure to reach down and pat him to indicate that you appreciate his response.

After he learns to stop at your command, the next thing to teach Duke is to "heel," or walk sedately just behind you—on the left side—with his nose

at a line with your heel. Any short lead helps in this lesson, but a rolled up newspaper will also come in handy. Walk along with the dog on the lead. He'll naturally pull ahead. Say, "Heel Duke," stopping short, and with the lead pull him back to the heel position. When you start again, restrain him from pulling ahead. Reach slightly in back, placing him in the lead position. If he persists in moving up, tap him gently on the nose with the newspaper. If you will use patience and gentle handling, he'll soon be heeling at your command.

You'll probably also want to teach your Duke to fetch. Chances are, he enjoys playing ball, and readily realizes that you won't play unless he brings the ball back to you. If you practice this game daily, holding the ball to his face each time before you throw it—saying "fetch"—he'll learn a healthful and happy new activity. Later, add other objects, i.e., "fetch stick," "fetch slipper" and so on, to complete the lesson.

One possible dangerous habit that must be averted is a dog's chasing cars. You'll need help from a friend, and a seltzer bottle or a pail of water for this one.

Have your friend drive by your house, with you in the front passenger seat, out of sight. If Duke jumps out to chase the car, spray him with water as he pulls alongside. It may seem like a nasty trick, but it's an extremely important one.

Training takes patience and understanding. At times, firmness will be necessary. But remember—what your dog learns is for his own good. A disciplined dog is a safe and happy one; a valuable and revered member of your household and your community.

Editor's Note: In the September issue of OUR DUMB ANIMALS ('59) the middle page spread entitled "Adding Years to Rover's Life" gives a good illustration of teaching a dog to respect and avoid cars . . .

*Photos courtesy of Ralston Dog Center.*

## TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

**I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of ..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)**

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

## Publications by American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass.

Please enclose remittance with orders.

### Leaflets on the care and feeding of pets:

	Single	Dozen	Hundred
Care of a Pet Rabbit	5c	30c	\$1.75
Parakeets as Pets	—	20c	\$1.50
Care of Canaries	5c	30c	\$1.75
A Loyal Friend	—	20c	\$1.50
Care of the Dog	5c	50c	\$3.50
Suggestions for Feeding Growing Dogs	10c	95c	\$6.00
Distemper in Dogs	5c	50c	\$4.00
First Aid to Animals	10c	75c	\$5.00
Cushioned Claws	—	20c	\$1.50
Care of the Cat	5c	50c	\$3.50
The Eternal Turtle	—	40c	\$3.00
Care of the Horse	10c	75c	\$4.50
Dog and Cat Care	—	60c	\$4.00

The following material will suggest units of study that will help elementary teachers to provide children with understanding that man and nature are interdependent. Such teaching would create attitudes of kindness toward pets and other animals and a feeling of personal responsibility and appreciation for natural resources.

You and Your Dog	5c	40c	\$3.00
Ways of Kindness	—	40c	\$3.00
Cruelty at Eastertime	—	40c	\$3.00
Nature Study in Camp Programs	—	30c	\$2.00
What Do You Know About Animals?	5c	50c	\$3.50
Junior Humane Societies (manual for adults)	10c	80c	*\$6.00
Junior Humane Society pin	5c	55c	\$4.50
Junior Humane Society Membership Cards	—	12c	\$1.00
Animal Plays:			
The Kindness Train	10c	80c	*\$6.00
One Morning Long Ago	10c	75c	*\$5.00
Care of the Cat (35 mm. b. & w. filmstrip)	\$2.50 each		
Nature Games, by Dr. W. G. Vinal	(25c each, two or more, 20c each)		
The Nature Guides' Dictionary, by Dr. W. G. Vinal	(twenty-five or more, 17c each)		
Animals in the Classroom	10c	75c	\$5.00
Power of Kindness	—	60c	\$4.00
Teaching with Toads and Turtles	—	60c	\$4.00

### Other Material:

Be Kind to Animals Blotters	—	20c	\$1.25
Eulogy on the Dog, by Senator Vest (postcard)	—	25c	\$1.25
The Beggar Cat (postcard)	—	25c	\$1.25

In lots of 500 10% disc. on 100 price. In lots of 1,000 20% disc. on 100 price.

\*Above discounts do not apply

Please enclose 10 cents above cost of materials for small orders to help defray the cost of handling and mailing. Due to the increased costs of postage and handling we are obliged to charge for this on quantity orders.

"Although shelter work is my special interest rather than pure-bred field, I was delighted with the material in **POPULAR DOGS** . . . looking forward to the next 11 issues."—Mrs. Geo. Bach, Lansdowne, Pa.

### POPULAR DOGS

Write for Free Sample Issue—

Mention This Ad.

2009 Ranstead St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Beginning January 1, 1960, the general subscription rate to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** will be \$2.00 per year. Single copies — 20¢ each.

A sliding scale of prices for bulk orders will be, as follows and apply only when the number of subscriptions indicated are sent in at the same time:

1 - 4 Subscriptions —	\$2.00 each
5 - 24 Subscriptions —	\$1.50 each
25 - 49 Subscriptions —	\$1.25 each
50 - 99 Subscriptions —	\$1.00 each
100 Subscriptions and over —	\$ .75 each

## Don't Miss Out

Our brand new 1959 Bound Volume of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** will be ready for mailing soon. The price for this handsome volume, bound in maroon imitation leather and stamped with gold, is now only \$3.00.

Please send check or money order to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Better do it soon; we were sold out early last year!

## THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. OR THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY			
Life	\$500.00	Asso. Annual	\$10.00
Sustaining Annual	100.00	Active Annual	5.00
Supporting Annual	50.00	Annual	2.00
Contributing Annual	25.00	Children's	1.00

Since 1832

**J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, Inc.**

**Funeral Service**

**Local—Suburban—Distant**



## Roses Are Red!

**Y**ES, that is the way many of the valentines of our youth began. Old fashioned, perhaps, and yet, they served their purpose well. For, after all, what is Valentine's Day but a time for the exchange of friendly greetings — messages of friendship and good will. It is an old custom and a good one.

Why not plan your message this year as a constant reminder of you each month. In other words, let your valentine be an enduring one.

Make up your mind to send your greeting in the form of an inexpensive gift, one that will appeal to the best in all of us — love, justice, compassion.

What we are trying to say is that *Our Dumb Animals* will make an excellent valentine.

Just fill out the blank below and send it with the subscription price of \$2.00 to *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We will do the rest.

### Greetings on Valentine's Day

This Valentine good for one year's adventure in kindness, justice and mercy.

I enclose my check for \$..... Please send a year's subscription (or subscriptions) to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** to the following:

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....

(Additional names may be sent on a separate sheet)

YOUR NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY .....



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